THE

POLYANTHOS.

DECEMBER, 1806.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE *REVEREND MATHER BYLES, D. D.*

FEW departments of literature are more interesting and instructive than biography; yet the task of writing the histories of the lives of the most celebrated men is seldom performed by those, who have the best opportunities of knowledge, and are endowed with the greatest accuracy of observation. The memoirs of literary and professional gentlemen commonly consist of dates only, and we are not often told of them much more, than where they were born, what schools and colleges admitted them to their honours, where they lived, whom they married, and when they died. The progress of the mind in strength and knowledge, the formation of habits, and the gradual acquisition of character, are seldom delineated; and although we are sometimes made well acquainted with the author and the

publick man, we are rarely introduced to the (perhaps more important) knowledge of the private individual, his peculiar habits, propensities, talents, amusements, prejudices, opinions, and conduct in the ordinary occurrences of life. The writer of this short sketch in particular, who was not contemporary with its subject, regrets that he has not materials to fill up and complete the outline he has formed.

The Rev. MATHER BYLES was descended from a respectable family, and was born in Boston on the fifteenth day of March, 1706, O. S. His father was a native of England, and died within a year after the birth of his son. By his mother's side he descended from the Rev. Richard Mather of Dorchester, and the Rev. John Cotton of Boston. The Rev. Dr. Increase Mather was his maternal grandfather.

In early life Mr. Byles discovered a taste for literature, and after passing reputably through the common schools, was admitted into Harvard University, and in the year 1725 received the Bachelor's degree at that seminary.

After leaving college, Mr. Byles selected the profession of Divinity for the employment of his life, and divided his time between the studies of theology and literature. In the month of December in the year 1732, he was ordained to the pastoral care of a new church in Hollis-street in Boston.

About this time Mr. Byles, besides his professional eminence, was distinguished by the

publication of several pieces in prose and verse, many of which were reprinted in England, and some of the poems were afterwards collected and published in a volume in this town. He also wrote a number of essays, which were printed in the New-England Weekly Journal. His signature was one of the letters composing the word CELOIZA.

Mr. Byles was favoured by the Muses, and his poetical talents have often amused and delighted his friends. Ease, harmony, and wit were the characteristicks of his verse. He however esteemed his poetical talents only as instruments of innocent amusement, and never permitted them to withdraw his attention from more serious and profitable objects. He never attempted any great production in verse, but sounded his lyre only as inclination prompted or occasion seemed to require.

The fame of Mr. Byles's professional and literary character extended to Europe; and in the year 1765 the King's College at Aberdeen conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

The abundance of his wit in common conversation, and the smartness of his repartees, some of which are almost daily repeated in our social circles, had contributed to the spreading of his fame; and were it proper in this place, many instances might be produced of the fertility and quickness of his fancy, and the severity and justness of his satire. Wit is a dangerous instrument; its exercise is pecul-

iarly agreeable ; but its pleasures are short and fleeting, while its wounds are seldom forgiven, and are never forgotten. It usually makes many enemies where it delights one friend ; and it has been said that Dr. Byles was too sensible of its pleasures and did not always sufficiently regard its consequences. But to this it may be replied, that many things have been attributed to him, which were not his productions, and perhaps his reputation has suffered more for what he did not say, than for any thing said by him.

The literary merit of Dr. Byles introduced him to the acquaintance of many men of genius in England, and the celebrated names of Pope, Landsdowne and Watts, among others, are found among his correspondents. From the former he received a copy of an elegant edition of the Odyssey in quarto. Dr. Watts also sent him copies of his works as he published them ; and the family have in their possession a Letter, *purporting* to be from Lord Landsdowne, a copy of which we will insert, leaving the reader to judge of its merits and of the courtly politeness and complimentary talents of the English Nobleman.

To the Reverend Mr. Mather Byles. *London, July* 1, 1731.

Reverend Sir,

Your Letter dated from Boston, New-England, Dec. 15, 1730, *is but this moment come*

to my hands ; so singular a favour deserves my earliest acknowledgments.

As much a stranger as it is my misfortune to be to your person, I am no longer so to your genius ; the specimen you have sent me of your Poetry is sufficient to make me judge of your merit.

I have been in pain for some time to know what was become of the Muses ; they have disappeared a great while from this part of the Old world ; your Poems inform me of their retreat into the New, and I consider with pleasure that their residence, however remote, is still within the British dominions.

I am with great truth,
Reverend Sir,
Your most affectionate
Humble servant,
LANDSDOWNE.

Dr. Byles was twice married. His first wife was Mrs. Anna Gale, niece of the late Governour Belcher. By this lady he had six children, only one of whom survived him. He is now rector of Trinity church, St. John's, New-Brunswick. The second wife of Dr. Byles was Miss Rebecca Taylor, daughter of the late lieutenant-governour Tyalor, by whom he had three children. The eldest died in infancy ; two daughters are still living.

Dr. Byles continued to live happily with his parish in the honourable and useful discharge of his parochial duties, until the late Revolu-

tion began to create distrust and animosity between the different parties that existed in the country prior to the war. Many good men, who, like Dr. Byles, fell under the imputation of being *Tories*, suffered more severely at first, than he did; but the jealousy and violence of the times separated him from his parish, to which he was never aftewards re-united. Dr. B. was accused of attachment to Great-Britain. The substance of the charges exhibited against him was, that he continued in Boston with his family during the siege; that he prayed for the king and the safety of the town; and received the visits of the British officers.

In May, 1777, he was denounced in town-meeting, as a person inimical to America; after which he was obliged to enter into bonds for his appearance at a publick trial before a special court on the second of June following, and of the charges exhibited against him, which were similar to those for which his parish dismissed him, he was pronounced guilty, and sentenced to confinement on board a guard-ship, and in forty days to be sent with his family to England. When brought before the Board of War, by whom he was treated respectfully, his sentence seems to have been altered, and it was directed that he should be confined to his own house, and a guard placed over him there, which was accordingly done a few weeks, when the guard was removed. A short time afterwards a guard was again placed over him, and again dismissed. Upon this oc-

casion the Doctor observed with his usual cheerfulness, that he was *guarded*, *reguarded*, and *disreguarded*. Sometime before this, upon being asked, why he did not preach *politicks ?* He replied, " I have thrown up four breast-works, behind which I have entrenched myself, neither of which can be forced : In the first place, I do not understand politicks ; in the second place, you all do, every man and mother's son of you ; in the third place, you have politicks all the week, pray let one day in seven be devoted to religion ; in the fourth place I am engaged in a work of infinitely greater importance ; give me any subject to preach on of more consequence than the truths I bring to you, and I will preach on it the next Sabbath."

Dr. Byles formed no new connection with any parish after the revolution nor during the war. In the year 1783 he was seized with a paralytick disorder, and on the fifth day of July, 1788, he died, in the eighty-second year of his age.

In person Dr. B. was tall and well proportioned, had a commanding presence, and was a graceful speaker. His voice was strong, clear, harmonious, and modulated with facility to the subject of his discourse.

In conversation and repartee he excelled. Some of his friends have applied to him a passage from his own poems.

Thy conversation !—here the muse could stay,
And in sweet pleasures smile the hours away.

If in grave words you sacred thoughts bestow,
A deep attention sits on every brow;
If through the sciences your fancy strays,
With joy we follow through the flowery maze;
Or if you mirth and humorous airs assume,
An universal laughter shakes the room;
Each comes with pleasure; while he stays admires;
Goes with regret, nor unimproved retires.

Of the theological tenets of Dr. Byles the writer is unable to give a description. He leaves that subject, with all others he may have omitted, to the pen of some more competent biographer.

Boston, Dec. 1806.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

Lucubrations of Nehemiah Notional.

N°. II.

"Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis."

"*Some have at first for wits, then poets past,*
"*Turned criticks next, and proved plain fools at last.*"

Mr. Editor,

A candid and judicious critick is one of the most valuable members of the literary community. By his sentence the fate of every production, worthy of notice is deter-

mined. His correct judgment and good taste, matured and refined by extensive reading and information, make his opinion a standard, by which the publick ascertain the merits and demerits of our authors. 'Tis true, that a faithful performance of his duty leads him rather to censure than to praise, to point out defects than to select beauties. Yet possessing candour, that characteristick of a well informed mind, he condemns without insult; and a young author may be confident that, though his vanity should sometimes be humbled, his feelings will never be intentionally wounded by the result of a critical examination.

It would be well, did all who assume the important office possess the qualifications of a critick. But unfortunately most of those, who undertake to determine the merits of a writer and graciously communicate *their opinion* of him to the world, are blind; or, if they can see, use a smoked glass, which prevents their being dazzled by his splendour, while it enables them to discern with ease his most trifling blemishes. The learned, divided into political and religious parties, labour under prejudices, which make their judgment illiberal and unjust. Their standard of excellence is continually fluctuating, or rather they have no standard; for they form their opinions under the influence of party spirit, and generally judge not the author, but the man.

This want of integrity must make genuine criticism blush and hide her head. She must

sincerely regret, that passion and prejudice gain such influence in the minds of the best of men. With what indignation then must she see beardless ignorance usurp her authority, and presumptuously pronounce sentence upon authors in *her name*. Ridiculous as it must seem to every one, the court of criticism, as it is most falsely called, is chiefly composed of boys!

I am told there is a society of young Notionals formed to abash modest merit and crush humble genius.—A society, which prostitutes the name and disgraces the character of a critick by its *attempts to criticise*. This honourable body so bedaubs its favourites with unqualified approbation, that their most intimate friends would in vain attempt to recognize them; and even the subjects of their fulsome panegyricks are doubtful whether to attribute them to irony or adulation. Extravagant in praises, they are despicably illiberal in their censure, which is indiscriminately poured on all, their cronies excepted. They spare neither the failings nor feelings of any one, who is so unfortunate as to be arraigned at their bar. Predetermined to condemn, their inquiry is not, what fault has he? but how shall he *word* his condemnation—Yet these apes of the manners of a generous censor conceitedly imagine that the opinion of the town is under their control!

For the honour of common sense I hope this information is false; yet certain circumstances induce me to think it true. There is a young relation of mine, who devotes half of

that time, which should be employed in the business of life, to giving the publick his opinion of authors and actors. He spends his time and money in purchasing and reading new publications; frequents the theatre, where he talks loudly, is foremost in a hiss, and when there is no danger, engages in a riot. He neglects his business and his friends &c. and spends most of his evenings with several young men, who, I suspect, form this aforementioned literary society, scientifick association, club of criticks or whatever they please to call themselves.—The boy is in a sad case, I assure you.

Freedom of opinion is a privilege enjoyed by all. Every individual, however unqualified, has a right to form and express his judgment of whatever comes within the reach of his observation; that is, no one has a right to hinder him. Propriety however should keep every man in his own sphere. Had she this influence in society, we believe that Criticism would have no reason to complain that her courts are thronged by beardless boys.

L...

Boston, Dec. 1806.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

CONTEMPLATOR....N°. 6.

Μελιγλώσσαν ἀοϊδων ἄνθεα.

One excellence of the Bards of Scotland is accuracy of description, couched in words appropriate and elegant, and numbers truly harmonious. But his chief beauty we think is that art with which he interweaves, many little episodes, whose elegance charms the mind, and whose pathos touches the heart. Of this we have already given one example, we now present the reader another which is in our opinion equally excellent.

From day to day as blow the hawthorn flowers,
That canopy the " Merlie's" home of love,
The plumage of the younglings shoots and spreads,
Filling with joy the fond parental eye.
Alas ! not long the parent's partial eye
Shall view the fledging wing ; ne'er shall they see
The timorous pinion's first essay to flight.
The truant schoolboy's eager, bleeding hand,
Their house, their all, tears from the bending bush ;
A shower of blossoms mourns the ruthless deed !
The piercing anguished note, the brushing wing,
The spoiler heeds not ; triumphing, his way
Smiling he wends : The ruin'd hopeless pair,
O'er many a field follow his townward steps,
Then back return ; and, perching on the bush,

Find nought of all they lov'd but one small tuft
Of moss and withered roots. Drooping they sit,
Silent: Afar at last they fly, o'er hill
And lurid moor, to mourn in other groves,
And soothe, in gentle grief, their hapless lot.

But what *their* wretchedness, parents or young,
Compared to that which wrings the human breast
Doomed to lament a loss, than death more dire,—
The robbery of a child! Aye, there is wretchedness!
Snatch'd playful from the rosy bank, by hands
Inured to crimes, the innocent is borne
Far, far away. Of all the varying forms
Of human woes, this the most dire! To think
He might have been now sporting at your side,
But that, neglected, he was left a prey
To pirate hands! To think how he will shudder,
To see a hideous, haggard face attempt
To smile away his tears, caressing him
With horrible embrace, the while he calls
Aloud, in vain to you! Nor does even time,—
Assuager of all other woes,—bring balm
To this: Each child, to boyish years grown up,
Reminds you of *your* boy! He might have been
Like this, fair, blooming, modest, looking down
With most engaging bashfulness. But now,
Instead of this, perhaps, with sable mask
Begrimmed, he feebly totters 'neath a heavy load,
More fitted to his cruel master's strength.
Perhaps to manhood come, allured to sell
His life, his freedom, for some paltry pounds,

He now lies 'mong the numbered, nameless crowd,
That groan on gory fields, envying the dead.

The following extract bespeaks a heart glowing with that ardour of genuine piety as well as poetry, which so eminently distinguish the Sabbath; besides presenting a specimen of a difficult rhetorical figure, conducted with inimitable art and success. Every heart will assent not only to its beauties but its sentiments, that has ever admired the awfully grand and elegantly minute in nature, or has ever been warmed with a single spark from the altar of devotion.

O nature! all thy seasons please the eye
Of him who sees a Deity in all.
It is his presence that diffuses charms
Unspeakable, o'er mountain, wood, and stream.
To think that *He*, who hears the heavenly choirs,
Hearkens complacent to the woodland song;
To think that He, who rolls yon solar sphere,
Uplifts the warbling songster to the sky;
To mark his presence in the mighty bow,
That spans the clouds, as in the tints minute
Of tiniest flower; to hear his awful voice
In thunder speak, and whisper in the gale;
To know and feel *his* care for all that lives;—
'Tis this that makes the barren waste appear
A frugal field, each grove a paradise.
Yes! place me 'mid far stretching woodless wilds,
Where no sweet song is heard; the heathbell there
Would sooth my weary sight, and tell of Thee!

There would my gratefully uplifted eye
Survey the heavenly vault, by day,—by night,
When glows the firmament from pole to pole;
There would my overflowing heart exclaim,
The heavens declare the glory of the Lord,
The firmament shews forth his handy work!

The poet bidding farewell to "the harmless bill," the "green wood, and the welkin song," thus commences his description of the birds of prey in the beginning of his third part.

The o'erfolding beak,
Incurvated; the clutching pounce; the eye,
Ferocious, keen, full orbed; the attitude
Erect; the skimming flight; the hovering poise;
The rapid sousing stroke;—*These* now I sing.

We shall close our extracts from this poem by one more example, taken from the third part; and which is eminently beautiful; especially in the close, where the poet has introduced one of the most beautiful songs of the celebrated Burns. And he who can read the description of the wounded soldier and his mistress without emotion, can have little claim to feeling and sensibility.

Well does the raven love the sound of war.—
Amid those plains where Danube darkly rolls,
The theatres, on which the kingly play
Of war is oftenest acted, there the peal
Of cannon mouths, summons the sable flocks
To wait their death doomed prey; and they do wait.

Yes, when the glittering columns, front to front
Drawn out, approach in deep and awful silence,
The raven's voice is heard hovering between.
Sometime upon the far deserted tents,
She boding sits and sings her fateful song.
But in the abandoned field she most delights,
When o'er the dead and dying slants the beam
Of peaceful morn, and wreaths of reeking mist
Rise from the gore dewed sward; from corpse to corpse
She revels, far and wide; then, sated, flies
To some shot shivered branch, whereon she cleans
Her purple beak.—
Ah, who is he
At whose heart welling wound she drinks,
Glutting her thirst! He was a lovely youth;
Fair Scotia was his home, until his sire
To swollen monopoly resign'd, heart wrung,
The small demesne which his forefathers ploughed;
Wide then dispersed the family of love.
One son betook him to the all friendly main:
Another, with his aged parents, plied
The sickly trade, in city garret pent;
Their youngest born, the drum and martial show,—
Deluded half, and half despairing,—joined;
And soon he laid the food of bird and beast.
Long is his fate unknown; the horrid sum
Of dead is named, but sad suspense is left,
Enlabyrinthed in doubt, to please itself
With dark, misgiving hope. *Ah, one there is,*

Who fosters long the dying hope, that still
He may return. The live long summer day
She at the house end sits: and oft her wheel
Is stopt, while on the road, far stretched, she bends
A melancholy, eye-o'erflowing look;
Or strives to mould the distant traveller
Into the form of him who's far away.
Hopeless and broken hearted, still she loves
To sing, "When wild war's deadly blast is blown."

☞

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

ANALECTA....No. II.

"Undique collatis membris."

BURNS.

BURNS was the true poet of nature. Unacquainted with the Greek or Roman writers, except through the medium of translation; he could neither purloin their beauties nor imitate their excellencies. His sentiments were the result of observation; and his descriptions copies from nature. Though his Scottish dialect to the eye of a foreigner may veil many of his beauties and excellencies, yet the beams of his genius still burst through the darkness and exhibit the fire of genuine poetry. He was, like the immortal Shakespeare, possessed of those keys which

"Can unlock the gates of Joy,

" Of Horrour and of thrilling fears,
" Or ope the sacred source of sympathetick tears."

For he can at will excite fear or horrour, joy or mirth, tenderness or pity. But he excels in the latter. And if ever poet excited in the sympathetick heart the glow of tenderness, or the melancholy emotions of grief—it is Burns.

Some of his poems are perhaps too local to give much entertainment. But they are genrally pleasing. He who can read his *Tam O Shanter*, his *Cotter's Saturday Night*, or his *Mountain Daisy* without emotions of lively pleasure, is rather to be pitied as wanting a sense that to be reasoned if he attempts to justify his insensibility by argument.

ICELAND.

THREE years after the discovery of this island,* Gadar a Swede was driven on its eastern coast by a storm, where he passed the winter. The reports and exaggerated description of Gadar excited Flokka a noted pirate of Rogaland in Norway, distinguished by birth and valour, to sail in quest of this new country. With this view he constructed a vessel ; and, to assist him in directing his course, he resolved on the curious expedient of carrying with him some crows. Having sailed into the wide sea, he loosed one of his birds, which rising to a considerable height, directed his flight to the land

* It was discovered in 861 by a Norwegian pirate, and received from him the name of *Sneeland*.

he had quitted ; from which he concluded he was nearer to that than any other coast. Some time after a second crow was loosed, which having risen to excessive height without being able, as it was supposed, to discover land, returned on board the vessel. Flokka steered a steady course according to the best conjecture, till the third crow, having towered like the former, took a direct flight, which served him as a guidance to the eastern shores of Iceland. He navigated completely round the island, and from the accumulation of ice, which floated into the northern bays in the spring, he gave the country the name of Iceland, which it has ever since retained.

MISERIES OF LIFE.

WHAT relish can there be for enjoyment in this body ; assailed by desire and wrath, by avarice and illusion, fear and sorrow, envy and hate, by absence from those we love, by union with those we dislike, by hunger and thirst, by disease and emaciation, by growth and decline, by old age and death.

We see this universe tending to decay, and even as these biting gnats and other insects ; even as the grass of the field, and trees of the forest, which spring up and then perish.

Vast rivers have been dried, mountains torn up ; the pole itself moved from its place ; the whole earth deluged with water ; and even the angels hurled from their stations.

In such a world what relish can there be for enjoyment.—Thou alone art able to raise us up; thou only O Lord art my refuge—thou only art my refuge.

GRAY.

To the lovers of that glowing, fervid, and metaphorical style, which characterizes many of our modern publications, and which appears to be a great favourite in our country, and to have many aping imitators; we present the following description of Mr. Gray's poetical powers, extracted from an edition of that poet, by the profound though unfortunate scholar, Gilbert Wakefield.

Mr. Gray's Pindarick odes have a much greater resemblance to the odes of the Theban bard than any thing of the kind in our own, and probably in any other language. Wildness of thought and irregularity of verse, had usually been esteemed the only way to resemble Pindar. The characteristick excellencies of Pindar's poetry are, sublimity of conception, boldness of metaphor, dignity of style, rapidity of composition, and magnificence of phraseology. If a fair judgment can be formed upon these few specimens, which the desolations of time have spared, in grandeur of imagery and regularity of thought, he is surpassed by Mr. Gray. These sublime and elaborate productions chastised by learning, and of learning invigorated by genius, are from their natures by

no means calculated to please the generality of readers, especially upon a single acquaintance. —The spirit of lyrical inspiration which they breathe; that divine glow of p athos, which at the same time melts and inflames the reader, cannot operate with their full effect, but on a congenial soul, attuned to the bold vibrations of enthusiastick poesy.—He who can continue amidst the blaze of splendour that bursts around him, amidst the torrent of sublimity that pours along, sedately speculating upon petty blemishes, is certainly a stranger to those sensations which animated Pindar and Mr. Gray.

SCANDAL.

WITH brow austere the martial maid
Spoke, and majestick trod the glade.
To that fell cave her course she held,
Where Scandal, bane of mortals, dwelled;
Outstretched on filth the pest she found,
Black fetid venom streaming round;
A gloomy light just served to show
The darkness of the den below.
"The maiden," with resistless might,
Soon dragged him from his darling night;
The snakes that o'er his body curl'd,
And flung his poison through the world,
Confounded with the flash of day,
Hissed horrible a hellish lay;
His eyes, with flames and blood suffus'd,
Long to the etherial light unus'd,

Fierce in their gory sockets roll'd,
And desperation made him bold;
—Pleas'd with the thought of human woes,
On scaly dragon feet he rose.

HONOUR.

NOTWIHTSTANDING the imperfections discernible in the Iron Chest of Mr. Colman, we frequently meet with striking beauties. The following speech of Sir Edward Mortimer gives us at once the outline of his character, and strongly prepossesses the reader or spectator in his favour.

O Honour!
Thy pile should be so uniform, displace
One atom of thee, and the slightest breath
Of a rude peasant makes thy owner tremble
For his whole building.

Books,
My only commerce now, will sometimes rouse me
Beyond my nature. I have been so warm'd,
So heated by a well turn'd rhapsody,
That I have seem'd the hero of the tale
So glowingly described. Draw me a man
Struggling for fame, attaining, keeping it,
Dead ages since, and the historian
Decking his memory in polish'd phrase,
And I can follow him through every turn,
Grow wild in his exploits, myself himself,
Until the thick pulsation of my heart
Wakes me to ponder on the thing I am.

CURIOSITY.

WHEN castigating plagues are hurl'd on man,
Stands lean and lynx-eyed Curiosity,
Watching his neighbour's soul. Sleepless himself,
To banish sleep from others. Like a Leech,
Sucking the blood-drops from a care-worn heart,
He gorges on't—then renders up his food,
To nourish Calumny, his foul-lung'd mate,
Who carries Rumour's trumpet; and whose breath,
Infecting the wide surface of the world,
Strikes pestilence and blight.

HUMANITY.

THE poor are men
And have their feelings.—
One of the best that we can show, believe me,
Is mildness to a servant. Servants, brother,
Are born with fortune's yoke about their necks,
And that is galling in itself enough;
We should not goad them under it. The master,
Should rather cheer them in their servitude,
With kindly words—not too familiar neither;
But utter'd with that air which true benevolence
Imparts to dignified nobility.

LOVE.

LOVE has a fleeter messenger than speech,
To tell love's meaning. His expresses post
Upon the orbs of vision, ere the tongue
Can shape them into words. A lover's look

Is his heart's Mercury. O ! the eye's eloquence,
Twin-born with thought, outstrips the tardy voice
Far swifter than the nimble lightning's flash,
The sluggish thunder peal that follows it.

If the soliloquy of Capt. Fitzharding after the elopement of Wilford, should excite a smile, we shall think the time spent in copying it not entirely lost.

This lodge is little Babel :
And Spleen and Sickness are the household gods,
In this my brother's castle of confusion.
The hue and cry is up ! I am half tempted
To wish the game too nimble for the dogs,
That hunt him at the heels. Dishonest ! well,
Ill ne'er trust looks again. His face hangs out
A goodly sign ; but all within it seems,
Is dirty rooms, stale eggs, prick'd wine, sour beer,
Rank bacon, musty beef, and tallow candles.
I'll be deceiv'd no more,—I'll mix with none
In future, but the ugly : honest men,
Who can out grin a Griffin ; or the head
Carved on the prow of the good ship Gorgon.
I'm for carbuncled, weather-beaten faces,
That frighten little children, and might serve
For knockers to hall gates.

I have a kind of movement, still, for Wilford,
I cannot conquer. What can be this charge
Sir Edward brings against him ? Should the boy
Prove guilty !—well ; why should I pity guilt ?

Philosopers would call me driveller. Let them.
Whip a deserter, and Philosophy
Stands by, and says he merits it. That's true;—
But wherefore should Philosophy take snuff
When the poor culprit writhes? A plague on
stoicks!
I cannot hoop my heart about with iron,
Like an old beer butt. I would have the vessel
What some call weak: I'd have it ooze a little.
Better compassion should be set abroach,
Till it run waste, than let a system monger
Bung it with logick; or a trencher cap
Bawl out his ethicks on it, till his thunder
Turns all the liquor sour.

We shall make but one more extract from this Play, and that is a speech of Helen, to Sir Edward, at the beginning of the third act.

I'll mimick the physician—wise and dull—
With cane at nose, and nod emphatical,
Portentous in my silence; feel your pulse,
With an owl's face, that shall express as much
As Galen's head, cut out in wood and gilt.
I would distil
Each flower that lavish happiness produced,
Through the world's paradise, ere Disobedience
Scatter'd the seeds of care; then mingle each
In one huge cup of comfort for thee, love,
To chase away thy dulness. Thou shouldst wanton
Upon the wings of Time, and mock his flight,

As he sail'd with thee towards Eternity.
I'd have each hour, each minute of thy life
A golden holiday; and should a cloud
O'ercast thee, be it light as a gossamer,
That Helen might disperse it with her breath,
And talk thee into sunshine.

MERIT.

I REMEMBER poor Merit, that ill-fated youth
Was the offspring of Wisdom and nurtur'd by truth;
As patient he sail'd down life's varying stream,
He felt not the warmth of the Sun's genial beam:
Like a floweret on Nature's great desert he lay,
Which the weeds that surrounded had hid from his ray;
Its fragrance unknown, none the loss will deplore,
For he droop'd in the vale, and was thought of no more;
ChillPenury's hand drew the child from the womb,
Attended his being and wept o'er his tomb.
Full oft he attempted to call upon Fame,
But the children of Vice had extinguish'd his claim:
Indignant they drove the meek youth from the throng,
Suppress'd his ambition, and fetter'd his song.

FATE OF GENIUS.

THE fate of supreme genius is, generally speaking, unenviable.—Many a wise head, and

many a worthy heart, are doomed to ache with the pressure of human sufferings, living in misery, and dying in obscurity and want, while the duller worms of mortality fatten on the marrow of prosperity, living to themselves alone, with minds incapable of expanding, and forbidden by sordid principles to do good and benefit mankind.—The following melancholy list proves the justness of a remark which wounds sensibility.

Plautus turned a mill; Terence was a slave; Boethius died in a gaol; Paolo Borghese had fourteen different trades, yet starved with them all; Tasso was often distressed for a marvedie; Bentivoglio was refused admission into an hospital he had himself erected; Cervantes died of hunger; Camoens ended his days in an alms house; Vangelus left his body to the surgeons to pay his debts! Galileo was persecuted and tortured because he had more wisdom than his enemies; and Lovelace, Butler, Otway, and Chatterton perished for lack of bread!

HISTORICAL ACCOUNT,

Of the memorable EARTHQUAKE *that happened in Canada, in* 1663.

[From Herriot's History of Canada.]

"ON the 5th of February, about half an hour past four in the evening, a great noise was heard, nearly at the same time, throughout the whole extent of Canada. That noise seems to

have been the effect of a sudden vibration of the air, agitated in all directions. It appeared as if the houses were on fire, and the inhabitants, in order to avoid its effects, immediately ran out of doors. But their astonishment was increased when they saw the buildings shaken with the greatest violence, and the roofs disposed to fall, sometimes on one side, and sometimes on the other. The doors opened of themselves, and shut again with a great crash. All the bells were sounding, although no person touched them. The pallisades of the fences seemed to bound out of their places; the walls were rent; the planks of the floor separated, and again sprung together. The dogs answered these previous tokens of a general disorder of nature, by lamentable howlings. The other animals sent forth the most terrifick groans and cries, and, by a natural instinct, extended their legs to prevent them from falling. The surface of the earth was moved like an agitated sea. The trees were thrown against each other, and many, torn up by the roots, were tossed to a considerable distance.

"Sounds of every description were then heard; at one time like the fury of a sea which had overflowed its barriers; at another like a multitude of carriages rolling over a pavement, and again like mountains of rock or marble opening their bowels, and breaking into pieces with a tremendous roar. The thick clouds of dust, which at the same time arose, were taken for smoke, and for the symptoms of an universal conflagration.

"The consternation became so general, that not only the men, but the animals, appeared as if struck with thunder; they ran in every quarter without a knowledge of their course, and wherever they went they encountered the dangers they wished to avoid. The cries of children, the lamentations of women, the alternate successions of fire and darkness in the atmosphere, all combined to aggravate the evils of a dire calamity which subverts every thing by the excruciating tortures of the imagination, distressed and confounded, and losing in the contemplation of the general confusion the means of self preservation.

"The ice which covered the St. Lawrence, and the other rivers, broke into pieces which crashed against each other; large bodies of ice were thrown up into the air, and from the place they had quitted a quantity of sand, and slime, and water spouted up. The sources of several springs and little rivers became dry; the waters of others were impregnated with sulphur. At sometimes the waters appeared red, at others of a yellowish cast; those of the St. Lawrence became white from Quebeck to Tadoussack, a space of thirty leagues: the quantity of matter necessary to impregnate so vast a body of water must have been prodigious. In the mean time the atmosphere continued to exhibit the most awful phenomena; an incessant rushing noise was heard, and the fires assumed every species of form. The most plaintive voices augmented the general terrour and alarm. Por-

pusses and sea-cows were heard howling in the water at Three Rivers, where none of these fish had ever before been found; and the noise which they sent forth resembled not that of any known animal.

"Over the whole extent of three hundred leagues from east to west, and one hundred and fifty from south to north, the earth, the rivers, and the coasts of the ocean experienced for a considerable time, although at intervals, the most dreadful agitation.

"The first shock continued without intermission for half an hour: about eight o'clock in the evening there came a second, no less violent than the first, and in the space of half an hour were two others. During the night were reckoned thirty shocks."

AN EASTERN TALE.

In the neighbourhood of Mecca, lived an industrious peasant, whose name was Aboukir; he had three sons, named, Almoradin, Dagandi, and Halif; they were educated in a religious observance of all the precepts of the law; they shared with him in all his labours, and by their joint endeavours, they all four procured a subsistence adequate to their desires. Aboukir, when he was dying, called his three sons to his bed side, and addressed them in the following words: "My sons, live in constant un-

ion, and cultivate with care the farm I leave you; it will abundantly supply you with all the necessaries of life; let the book of glory be your chief study, the delight of your souls, and the chief object of your attention: In all the various casualties of life, depend upon it alone; my life draws near its end; I already behold the angel of death approach; farewel; remember the advice I have given you; adore the great Creator of the universe, and revere Mahomet his prophet. Having uttered these words, he expired; and his sons buried him with true filial piety. For some time they followed the wise advice he had given them; but one day as they were to work on their farm, a question was agitated among them; the dispute was concerning what was most desirable, and what would be the first wish of each. Almoradin, as he was of an aspiring temper, declared that power was the chief object of his desires. Dogandi, who was of a more sordid turn of mind, owned that his wishes centred in the possession of wealth, and Halif sighed for the enjoyment of beauty. No sooner were these different wishes uttered than a genii appeared to them, and addressed them as follows; sons of Aboukir, your wishes were heard; I am a genii, he that presides over fortune, and will engage to procure you the accomplishment of your wishes; if you do not wish to retract them, as mortals often wish, for what in the end proves the cause of their destruction.—The three brothers persevering in their wishes, the

genii presented them each with a talisman, whereon was engraved certain magick characters, and bid them repair to Bagdad. Almoradin, had not long resided there, till by virtue of the talisman, he attracted the notice of the Caliph Haroun Al Raschid, and was by him sent to govern a distant province, which being attacked by the Tartars, he defended it bravely, and repulsed them with great slaughter; this raised the jealousy of the Vizier, who afterwards found means to persuade the Caliph, that the intention of Almoradin, was to make himself a party, and shake off the yoke of obedience. Hereupon Al Raschid, who was extremely jealous of his authority, sent for him to Bagdad, and without hearing him speak in his own defence, caused him to be beheaded.

Dogandi, after having acquired great riches by commerce, at last perished in a voyage which he made in quest of new gain.

The fate of Halif was perhaps more wretched than either of the two brothers; he married the beauteous Rouschern, and for some time their felicity was mutual and extreme; but the fiend Jealousy, which so often changes the happiness of lovers into bitterness, at last put an end to their bliss.

One of the chief persons in the court of Bagdad, Ogloufcan, having seen Rouschern, and being enchanted with her beauty, found means by corrupting the slaves of Halif, to procure several interviews with his wife, who dazzled by his elevated station, forgot her fidelity to her husband.

Halif having one day seen Ogloufcan retire from his wife, fell upon her in a transport of rage, plunged a dagger in her breast, and immediately after stabbed himself in despair. Thus did these three brothers owe their destruction to the completion of their own wishes.

The moral of this tale teaches us, that we should always adhere to the precepts and admonitions of our parents, and not presume of ourselves, to direct the Almighty, by wishing for a change from the situation wherein he has thought proper to place us, and such as he has judged us fit for.

TALKERS AND HEARERS.

"——He flies the spot—alarm'd with dread,
Lest Thirsis should begin to read."——

So unwilling are men to be *hearers* in society; and we find, invariably, throughout society, that it is precisely those who will not listen one moment to the narrations of another, who require the most profound attention, and unwearied nods of approbation, for their own.

The *perfect* hearer should be composed by the same receipt the Duc de Sully gives for making a great statesman. He should have little feeling—and no passions.

The hearer must never be drowsy; for nothing perplexes a talker, or reader of his own works, like the accident of sleep in the midst of his harangue: and I have known a French

talker *rise up and hold open* the eyelids of a Dutch hearer with his finger and thumb.

An hearer *must not squint.* For *no lover* is so *zealous* as a *true talker*, who will be perpetually watching the *motion of the eyes*, and always suspecting that the attention is directed to that side of the room to which they point.

An hearer must not be a *seer of sights.* He must let an hare pass as quietly as an ox; and never interrupt a narration by crying out at the sight of an highwayman, or a mad-dog. An acquaintance of mine *lost a good legacy* by the ill timed arrival of a coach and six, which he discovered at the end of an avenue, and announced as an acceptable hearing to the pride of the family. But it happened to be at the very time the lady of the house was relating the critical moment of her life, when she was in the greatest danger of breaking her vow of celibacy.

An hearer *must not* have a weak head; for though the talker may like he should drink with him, he does not choose that he should fall under the table till he himself is *speechless.*

He must *not* be a *news-monger;* because *times past* have already furnished the head of his patron with *all* the ideas he chooses it should be stored with.

Lastly, and principally, an hearer must *not* be a wit. I remember one of this profession, being told by a gentleman, who, to do him justice, was a very good *seaman*, that he had rode from Portsmouth to London in four hours, asked "If it was by *Shrewsbury* clock." It

happened that the person so interrogated had not read Shakespeare, which was the only reason I could assign why the adventurous querist was not immediately sent aboard the Stygian tender.

Silence, in the opinion of a talker, is not merely the suppression of the action of the tongue: it is necessary that every muscle of the face, and member of the body, should receive its motion from no other sensation than that which the talker communicates through the ear.

An hearer must *not* have the fidgets. He *must not* start if he hears a door clap, a gun go off, or a cry of murder. He must not sniff with his nostrils if he smells fire; because, though he should save the house by it, he will be as ill rewarded as Cassandra for her endeavours to prevent the flames of Troy, or Gulliver for extinguishing those of Lilliput.

[*Mirror.*]

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MRS. JONES.

Selected from the Theatrical Censor.

Mrs. Jones was one of three daughters of a respectable physician in London, of the name of Granger, who, dying while she was young, left her in the care of a mother and grandmother, Mrs. Booth of Drury-Lane His circumstances at his death not being flourishing, the grandmother took this daughter under her

own care, and introduced her, at an early age, as a singer at the theatre where she was herself engaged. She is said to have played several musical parts with success; but we have seen no publick mention of her performances. About six years since, she married Mr. Jones, comedian, and embarked for America. Her first engagement was at Philadelphia, where she and her husband played three seasons, but without acquiring any extraordinary share of approbation. Thence she went to Boston, where her talents first began to expand, under the management of Mr. Powell. But domestick disquiet entered their dwelling, which ended in her husband's leaving her and her four children, for Charleston, where he performed one season, and where he died in August last.

[☞ *The writer of the preceding article in the Censor is under a mistake, which we take the liberty to correct. Mr. and Mrs. J. were first engaged by Mr. Whitlock, and perfomed here through the season of* 1800—1801, *when that gentleman was manager of the Boston Theatre. Mrs. J. made her first appearance in America, Oct.* 19, 1800, *as Miss Blandford, in Morton's then new comedy of "Speed the Plough," and was the principal favourite of the audience during the whole season*...Polyanthos.]

All, who have witnessed the charming exhibitions of this favourite of Thalia, will acknowledge the justice of the opinion, that, in her death, the New-York theatre has lost its principal female attraction and ornament. In

the JORDAN line, she never had an equal, in this country ; and, when we consider, that, to her comick talents, she added, what neither Mrs. JORDAN nor Mrs. C. KEMBLE (Miss DE CAMP) possess, extraordinary powers in opera, it may be doubted, whether even the London stage can boast of her superiour. In the ballad and pathetick style of Musick, she was unrivalled. Her voice had a heart-felt sweetness peculiar to herself, and its flexibility was wonderful. She could

Dwell on the note, and die along the ſtrain,

without the appearance of labour to herself, or giving uneasiness on her account to the auditor. Her cantabiles were executed with a neatness, a taste and a grace, never before heard on our boards.

In her comedy and farce, she was equally extraordinary ; always chaste, yet never deficient in spirit ; always true to nature, yet never, for a moment, flat or insipid : she had a gay vivacity of manner, and archness of look, tempered with modesty, that never failed to win upon every spectator. Let the success with which she repeated her favourite parts, during the last winter, amounting to a number never known on the American stage, attest her talents. Let the universal applause with which, in every character, on every night, she was greeted, attest them also. But, the lasting impression of regret, which she has left on the memory of all who ever saw her, affords the best testimony of her uncommon excellence. It may tru-

ly be said, that it will be a misfortune to any actress to be obliged to appear before the New-York audience, in one of her conspicuous characters.

After all, she had but stepped upon the threshold of her fame. Possessed of a strong and cultivated understanding, with a turn for study; a tolerable person, a countenance, not handsome, but very expressive; a strong, clear and well modulated speaking voice, with a pronunciation the most unexceptionably correct and elegant that I ever heard, and an easy and graceful carriage, she would, in the course of a few years, have become a theatrical wonder. Yet, with all these endowments, she could not escape envy. What do I say? Those endowments it was which excited envy; the envy, cruel and never-to-be-conciliated, of the Green-room. Calumny and malice followed all her steps, misrepresented all her actions, and endeavoured to poison every enjoyment of her life. But, she is removed to where neither malice nor envy can reach her!

Place, under her head, a turf, or a stone,
'Tis all one; 'tis all one.

In her private deportment, report speaks of her as amiable, benevolent, and charitable to distress, to the utmost of her power. It has been said, by those best acquainted with her, that, with all her provocation, she had the rare virtue of never speaking ill of any one, nor impertinently meddling in any one's concerns; and notwithstanding the large share of publick

admiration testified to her whenever, and on the first moment, she appeared, yet she bore *her faculties so meekly*, that the lowest underling of the theatre was more presuming than Mrs. JONES.

I should do but half my duty, did I not mention the poor unfortunate little-ones she has left behind; one boy and three girls, the oldest of the three only five years of age. With her husband, she left England, and all her natural friends, about five years since. Her husband died last summer, at Charleston; and, now, she being gone, these four children are left, strangers in a strange land, without a single relation on this side the Atlantick, of whom they can ask for a morsel of bread. May that merciful Being, who *tempers the wind to the shorn lamb*, expand for them the hand of benevolence!

SELECT SENTENCES.

OUR pleasures are destroyed by the most trifling things:—and may be compared to beds of flowers, among which some will undoubtedly be crushed—and *one* crushed flower is sufficient to disquiet us.

WEDDED pairs, who have opposite dispositions, and are perpetually squabbling with each other, make one think of the union between the *swallow* and the *snipe*. The first, says the fable, was never pleased in *winter*, the latter never was displeased but in *summer*.

POETRY.

To the EDITOR *of the* POLYANTHOS.

SIR,

I OFFER *you the following Poem with diffidence. As to subject it has neither beginning, middle, nor end, and its verse is rough, unpolished and unmusical; but should its sentiments or descriptions meet your approbation, and in any degree counterbalance those defects, you will greatly favour me by inserting it in the Polyanthos.* *Yours, &c.*

NOVEMBER RAMBLE.

O rus quando te aspiciam? quandoque licebit,
Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno & inertibus horis
Ducere solicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ? HOR.

How much I love, while dark November clouds
Obscure the firmament, alone to rove—
(Escap'd from city smoke and city cares)
Amid your much lov'd walks, ye leafless woods!
Now whilst the low'ring clouds withhold their stores,
Save frequently the pattering drops I hear
Upon the withered leaves, which strew the ground,
Or see them twinkling on the mossy spray.

How dreary every thing around; where late
With keenest view, I could not penetrate
A foot, to seek the flower of fairest hue,
With which to decorate the auburn hair,
Or swan like bosom of the nymph I love,

So thick the foilage was ;—the eye can now
See to its utmost ken, save where oppos'd
By hoary rock, or boughs thick interwin'd.
Nought's left to tell of rosy spring or summer,
But a few sear'd yellow leaves, which still
Hang to the bough, or spots of verdant moss,
With which the fair would choose to ornament
Her storm hous'd shrubbery, her sweet employ.

See yon huge oak, how sorrowful he stands !
Has winter's chilling blast 'reft thee of beauty,
Or mournest thou for him thy brother,
Fall'n at thy foot, by the keen biting ax ?
Ye were of equal size, together long
Have buffetted the storms, which fierce in vain
Assail'd your iron limbs, while they have torn,
Like vice attacking young unrooted virtue,
Your haughtier, prouder brethren of the shade.
—So falls the monarch, when the storm of war
Pours o'er the land, and tears him from the throne,
While those, who leagu'd with him in freedom's cause
Stand by appall'd, and view the mighty ruin !
Whilst fear, more potent than the northern frost,
Enchains their limbs, and freezes every heart.
O Freedom ! when wilt thou awake in might,
And call the warlike children of the north
To deeds, would honour their great ancestors.
When wilt thou raise thy mighty voice, and rouse
The spirits of old Frederick, Adolphus, Charles ?
Have honied words of flattery entranc'd thee,

Or wast thou prisoner made at Austerlitz,
And carried captive at the conqueror's heels?

But turn, and see this vine, twisting his boughs
Around the sturdy elm; what is *that* like?
As black, and crooked as his soul, and deeds,
Who round the heart of a free people twines,
And promises to cherish, ornament,
What time he fondly hopes his creeping shoots,
Will top their highest bough; his foilage thick,
Keep off the fostering rays of liberty;—
And thus, as Hercules Antœus did,
To strangle freedom in his arms.

How pensive is the note of yon poor robin,
Who sits upon the bough as if forlorn!
Anon, he lightly hops upon the ground,
Searching for food amid the withered leaves,
Which sweet spring sow'd for him, as grateful
For his sweet song melodious; good bird,
Thou dost not leave these groves while winter fell
Pours out adversity upon them.—
They will reward thee, and when youthful spring,
Clothes them anew, commanding playful zephyr
Kissing, to ope their tender gems and flowers,
They'll give thee for thy simple nest, a seat
The fairest, most secure amid the grove.
I was not bred in learn'd Linnæus' school,
Or I could tell your names, ye winged little ones,
Who dwell with winter too, but well I know,
And bless your artless song, though it be short;

For to my listening ear 'tis sweeter far,
Than all the long drawn trills of vocal art.

But lo! that silver footed Naiad, bent
All melancholy o'er her crystal urn;
Her swollen tide mingled with yellow leaves;
The icicle her sceptre; and her brows
Circled with crown of melancholy sedge!
—Once, in the golden reign of rosy spring,
The velvet moss, green bush, and lovelier flower,
Were hers to boast; which by their beauty
Pay'd her sweet tribute for their nourishing.
And I remember, for I lov'd to view
Her limpid waters glide beneath my feet,
When rushing o'er the rocks which choak'd her channel,
And sweetly wimpling through the meadow ground,
Widening, she form'd a glassy mirror smooth,
Heavenward reflecting the sweet form of things,
Which thence deriv'd their origin.—
But now alas! her wave rolls murmuring,
As if complaining of dread winter's reign.—
And joining with the river's monarch wave,
Is slowly borne unnoticed to the sea.

Like to the virtuous man, who marching down
The rugged path of life, saw flowers of joy,
Of plenty, of content, and gratitude
Arise where'er he came, 'till closing calm
A life of goodliness, is smoothly borne
To the unknown ocean of eternity,
Bless'd by his fellow men, his country, and his *God*.

—And such the high renown, O KNOX, which praise
Shall waft thy name from all her altars.
For thou like some good spirit, cas'd in flesh
To do kind deeds to mortals, wide diffus'd
A flood of blessings o'er the barren waste,
And made it blossom like the rose; while every eye,
Now wet with tears of anguish and despair,
Pour'd o'er thy timeless urn, beam'd gratitude,
And bless'd their God, that such a man was made
For them, for theirs, and for his Country.—
And long as liberty shall bless our shores,
And plenty pour her horn, so long, O KNOX,
Shall thy name live, for thy good deeds have rais'd
A monument* more durable than brass,
—A nation planted by thy hand!—

But death is ever at our side,—who so wise
To 'scape the blow aim'd by his fatal hand?
And meditation says, as fall these leaves,
So pass the flitting moments of man's life;
And soon, full soon will they depart, and death
His winter soon o'ertake him, leaving
Nought but a leafless, withered, worthless trunk.
—But hast thou mortal borne such goodly fruit
As thy fair spring did promise, has not vice
Nipt them ere fully ripe?—'Tis well for thee,
If such be not thy lot,——well hereafter!

BION.

Boston, Dec. 1806.

* Exegi monumentum ære perennius, HOR.

For the Polyanthos.

TO MELANCHOLY.

O! SWEETLY soothing Melancholy,
Thou calmer of the human breast,
Who fly'st the haunts of noisy Folly,
To seek the lonely and distrest;

Tho' Fashion's giddy sons despise thee,
Preferring Pleasure's crowded train,
Above their fancied joys I prize thee,
And bless thy tranquil, pensive reign.

SELECTED.

The following delicate effusion of morality is selected from LITERARY HOURS, *by Dr. Drake*, Vol. III.

TO BLOSSOMS.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awile,
To blush and gently smile;
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight.
And so to bid good-night?
'Twas pity nature brought ye forth
Merely to shew your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, tho' ne'er so brave:
And after they have shewn their pride
Like you awhile: they glide
Into the grave.

THE SAUNTERER.

By James Mercer, Esq.

Full of the dream of keen delight,
In youth a thousand toils we prove,
We climb ambition's fearful height,
And seek, thro' midnight gloom, the bow'r of love.
But with the ensuing morn
The proffer'd bliss we scorn,
And throbs of new desire our rest annoy;
Distemper fires the veins,
The fev'rish thirst remains,
And passion's bitter dregs pollute the cup of joy.

Then happier far, in life's decay,
If neither gout nor stone assail,
If conscience, at the close of day,
With angel visitation bid us hail;
When frantick hopes are past,
We taste repose at last,
And reap sincere delight from homely cheer;
For, by the mossy cell,
Where quiet loves to dwell,
The streams of comfort rise, and run forever clear.

Assembled round the social hearth,
When winter holds his rigid sway,
We share the fruits of temperate mirth,
Nor fail to charm the dreary hours away—
And O! the joy that streams
Amid the coming gleams,
When blossoms ope, and birds are on the wing;
What time by musick led,
The garden path I tread,
And meet the balmy breath of renovating spring.
But not to formal walks confin'd,
While yet the jocund seasons reign,
I leave the garden wall behind,
With all the green enclosures of the plain:
And sights, and sounds of joy,
My wand'ring steps decoy
Still farther on, in quest of something new;
'Till past the bushy rill,
I mount yon shelving hill, [in view.
Where distant spires are kenn'd, and ocean rolls
There, as on rapture's dazzled eye,
The wonders of creation throng,
Devotion wakes, and wafts a sigh
To tracts beyond the limits of my song;
Till, forc'd by growing heat,
I quit the lofty seat,
And hide me from the sun's meridian glare,
Down in some elfin nook,
Beside the pebbly brook, [care.
Whose sound incessant brings forgetfulness of

Let sullen fools forever hide—
At ev'n I gain the peopled road;
Or, led by friendship, turn aside,
To greet my neighbour in his thatch'd abode.
With him I pace the fields,
Learn what his harvest yields,
And see his children pass in playful drove;
I know the urchins all—
On me by name they call,
And flatter wrinkled age with many a mark of love.

As thus my daily rounds I go,
Still some kind office breeds delay—
My mite I cheerfully bestow,
To cheer the wand'ring beggar on his way:
And should the buxom lass,
Of yonder hamlet pass,
Fresh blooming, and of harmless favours free;
Safe from her roguish smile,
I hand her o'er the stile,
And pray that she might meet with livelier lads than me.

ODE TO THE CROW.

Say, weary bird, whose level flight,
Thus at the dusky hour of night
Tends thro' the midway air,
Why yet beyond the verge of day
Is lengthen'd out thy dark delay,
Adding another to the hours of care?

The wren within her mossy nest
Has hush'd her little brood to rest;
The wood-wild pigeon, rock'd on high,
Has coo'd his last soft note of love;
And fondly nestles by his dove,
To guard their downy young from an inclement [sky.

Each twittering bill and busy wing,
That flits thro' morning's humid spring,
Is still;—list'ning perhaps so late
To Philomel's enchanting lay,
Who now, asham'd to sing by day,
Trills the sweet sorrows of her fate.

Haste, bird, and nurse thy callow brood,
They call on heav'n and thee for food,
Bleak—on some cliff's neglected tree;
Haste, weary bird, thy laggish flight—
It is the chilling hour of night;
Fit hour of rest for thee!

THE UGLY LOVER.

Imitated from Buchanan.

How lucky is yon silly fop!
Though ugly is the elf,
He has no rival in his love,
For why?—He loves himself.

THE DRAMA.

ESSAY ON DRAMATICK COMPOSITION.

BY T. HOLCROFT.

Continued from vol. 3, p. 141.

Of the Different Species of Dramatick Writing.

THOUGH tragedy and comedy appear to have formed the two grand classes of the dramatick art, it is nevertheless true that, among all modern nations at least, there have continually been other branches, which, though of the same tree, are distinct, in their nature and often in extent. To *mysteries*, *moralities*, *masques*, *intermedes*, and *interludes*, have succeeded *comick operas*, *farces*, *speaking pantomimes*, and particularly *plays*, or serious *dramas*: beside an innumerable progeny of *ballets*, *dumb pantomimes*, and *spectacles*, in many of which the eye and the ear are chiefly consulted. Into the nature and end of these different classes it will be good to inquire, and, by inquiry, to endeavour to afford some light that may guide the adventurer, in paths which confusion and indecision have often darkened.

Of the Moral Nature of Tragedy.

Of all the works of man, it may be doubted whether there is any species of an equally impressive and dignified moral nature as tragedy. The epick poem might equal, if not surpass it, in the closet; but as epick poems cannot be represented before multitudes, by whom from their nature they have little chance of being read,

their moral influence must be greatly and inevitably less. Every thing that is noble, in the heart and actions of man, is the proper subject of tragick composition. All the dreadful errours into which his passions can lead him are there necessarily contrasted with the purest emanations of his soul; the consequences of each are developed, and, while terrour and compassion, at the portraits which it gives of vice, seize the heart, that heart is relieved, delighted, and embued, by the purity and dignity of virtue, as well as by its comparative and everlasting tendency to happiness. It is scarcely possible to compose a tragedy, so as to be received and applauded by the publick, without more or less producing this beneficial result.

Unless this can be denied, it follows that the duties of the tragick poet are among the most sacred which the human mind has conceived, and his rank and office of the highest nature. It should however be added, the more unassuming he shows himself, in society, the better proof he gives of his poetick dignity. True genius will neither affect hypocritical modesty nor be debased by any symptoms of inflated pride.

BEAUTIES OF THE DRAMA.

Scene from THE SAILOR'S DAUGHTER, *a comedy by Richard Cumberland.*

Hartshorn and Mrs. Hartshorn.

Harts. All this is well; all this is as it should be. Didn't I tell Lindsay we were the happiest couple in creation? and behold we are so!

Good humour is a blessed thing; good humour in a wife, my dear Dolly, is like gold leaf upon a pill; it does not alter the dose, but it makes it go down.

Mrs. H. Very true, my dear Sam; very well compar'd. And when I see a smile upon my husband's face, as I do now, it seems to me like sunshine in a prison; it does not set me free, but it makes confinement bearable.

Harts. You are right, it does all that; and I shall always smile when you look kind.

Mrs. H. 'Tis your own fault whenever I look otherwise.

Harts. Not always, Dolly.

Mrs. H. Always, Mr. Hartshorn.

Harts. Come, come, lambkin, there are faults on both sides; but we'll not talk of faults: we will forget them.

Mrs. H. But you do talk of faults; aye, and you commit so many, 'tis impossible to forget them.

Harts. What faults have I committed just now? you have such a gentle way of bringing them to my recollection, I shall not be sorry to be told of them.

Mrs. H. Look at your pretended partner, Lindsay. What do you think of him? What does he know of his business? Have you ever examin'd him?—Not you. Are you sure he is what he pretends to be?—I much doubt it. Not one feature of the apothecary can I see in his face, not one trace of the hospital in his conversation and appearance.

Harts. What then do you take him to be?

Mrs. H. A very handsome fellow he certainly is; and without any compliment to his understanding, I take him to be very capable of outwitting you, and making off with your modest and immaculate Miss Julia. He is much more likely to be her partner than yours.

Harts. Say no more; I'll be up to him. Outwit me indeed! No, no, he'll not do that.—Mum! not another word.

Sentamour enters.

Glad to see you, brother doctor; glad to see you.—Dolly, my love, my life, we are upon business. *(exit Mrs. Hartshorn.)* There! do you see that? A word, a look, a motion of my eye does it. Docile and obedient as a tame she bear. Now to business. I can assure you, Mr. Lindsay, my expectations are raised very high by the terms in which captain Sentamour and others have reported you to me. I flatter myself I shall not be disappointed.

Sent. I am vain enough to think you will not.

Harts. Very good, very good. A little self-confidence in our way is not amiss—but to the point. My practice, Mr. Lindsay, you observe, comprises all the three branches, surgery, pharmacy, and the obstetrick department:—In the two former well established—full employment; in the latter, rising, growing, mending every day. Now there it is, brother Lindsay, there it is that I must look to you. When ladies cry out, the young and able should attend the call, and take that duty from the old and feeble.

Sent. With reason, Mr. Hartshorn, and they commonly do.

Harts. Good; very good again. Then you'll turn out when Obadiah comes full tilt upon the coach-horse, and I'll keep snug the whilst.

Sent. Yes, I'll turn out if I hear him; but I am us'd to sleep in a ship. Noises don't easily awake me.

Harts. Not such noises perhaps as you are us'd to in a ship: but there are some that I am us'd to in this house will do it effectually, if others fail. You are handy enough, no doubt, in mixing up medicines, labelling phials, rolling up pills, construing prescriptions, weighing out drugs, and infusing them in their proper vehicles.

Sent. O yes, all that is very easy.

Harts. I am glad you find it so: I can't say I always do. Of chemicals and galenicals I need not speak diffusely.

Sent. You need not speak a word about them. We'll agree to pass them over.

Harts. We'll agree to no such thing. Pass them over indeed! I hope you understand their several powers, properties, and proportions; their compositions and decompositions, acids and alcalis, bracers and relaxers, quickeners and quieters, tonicks and anti-tonicks—

Sent. Understand them all—What is an apothecary that does not?

Harts. What is he?—why he is what many apothecaries are; what I have been, and what I am now—puzzled.

Sent. I perceive it ; instead of puzzling me, brother Hartshorn, you have puzzled yourself.

Harts. D--ee, if I know whereabouts you are. Apothecary, or no Apothecary—will you turn out, and take the round of patients with me this afternoon.

Sent. As I can be no manner of service to you or them, I had rather be excus'd.

Harts. You had rather be excus'd ! What the pestilence did you come here for ?

Sent. For an experiment.

Harts. I'm obliged to you—You came for an experiment ! Be so good to try the experiment of going away again.

Sent. Bear with me a little longer, and I will give you perfect satisfaction.

Harts. Give me the satisfaction of getting rid of you. If you will not go out and visit the patients, go out and visit where you like, only don't let me be favour'd with your company any longer.

Sent. If I were Sentamour, wou'd you say this ?

Harts. No, d—ee, no ! To Sentamour my arms are open'd thus, as wide as I can stretch them—To Sentamour I say—Here is my heart, command it ; it is yours !

Sent. I take you at your word, for I am Sentamour. Forgive me, my dear fellow. I was anxious to know the real character of Julia. I wish to see her under no restraint, and sound the secret feelings of her heart. I borrowed Lindsay's name, not in the hope I cou'd

impose on your sagacity, but as a cover only for the moment, 'till I cou'd find how her affections stood, and where they pointed.

DRAMATICK ANECDOTES.

A FRENCH actor, accustomed to perform the part of Achilles, wished to have his portrait taken, and desired it might be in that character, stipulating to give the painter forty crowns for his work. This son of Melpomene had been a journeyman carpenter, and the painter, who was informed that he was a bad paymaster, thought proper to devise a mode of being revenged should Achilles play him any trick; he therefore painted the figure in oil, the shield excepted, which was in distemper. The likeness was acknowledged to be great; but the actor, that he might pay as little as possible, pretended to find many faults, and declared he would only pay half the sum agreed upon. "Well," replied the painter, "I must be content; however, I will give you a secret for making the colours more brilliant. Take a sponge, dip it in vinegar, and pass it over the picture several times." The actor thanked him for this advice, applied the sponge, washed away the shield of Achilles, and instead of that hero, beheld a carpenter holding a saw.

IT is a common practice in Paris, to read new theatrical pieces in private assemblies, were they are supposed to undergo a kind of primary ordeal, and over each of which a lady

always presides. A tragedy called *Alzaide*, by *Linaut*, had been read at one of those societies, and obtained great praise; however, it had no success on the stage, which greatly afflicted this previous tribunal. Being assembled the day after its performance, there was a general silence; but the lady, who had first given her favourable suffrage, spoke at length and said—"The piece however was not hissed."—"How the deuce could it?" replied a stranger, who happened to be present; "people cannot gape and hiss both at once."

When *Dancourt* gave a new piece, if it were unsuccessful, to console himself he was accustomed to go and sup with two or three of his friends, at the sign of the Bagpipes kept by *Cheret*. One morning, after the rehearsal of his comedy called the *Agioteurs*, or Stock-brokers, which was to be performed, for the first time, that evening, he asked one of his daughters, not ten years of age, how she liked the piece? "Ah papa," said the girl, "you'll go to night and sup at the sign of the Bagpipes."

Boyer, a French dramatick author, had been fifty years writing and never successfully. That he might prove whether his condemnation might not be imputed to the prejudice of the pit, he gave it to be understood that the new tragedy of Agamemnon was the production of *Pader D' Assezan*, a young man newly arrived at Paris. The piece was received with general applause, and Racine himself, the

great scourge of *Boyer*, declared in favour of the new author. "And yet it is by *Boyer*, *Mons. de Racine*," exclaimed *Boyer* himself, from the pit. Imprudent man! The next day the tragedy was hissed.

THEATRICAL RETROSPECT,

FOR DECEMBER, 1806.

How hard is the lot to admonish our neighbours
When hatred 's the fruit we receive for our labours!
For the mind is oft panged when the frame's unresisting,
And like vipers new bruised, frets existence by twisting.

BOSTON THEATRE.

Nov. 28. *Venice Preserved* and *Two Strings to your Bow*.

Of the performance of *Venice Preserved* this evening, little can be said, without repeating former remarks. We noticed the novelty of Mrs Stanley's costume in *Belvidera*. Though we have been accustomed to see Belvidera in plain black or white, we can make no reasonable objection to her wearing foil and spangles. That she possessed rich and costly raiment there can be no doubt; for *Jaffier* tells *Priuli* that "out of his little fortune" he had treated her with "place, distinction, and observance;" and we afterwards hear *Priuli* bid him

"Reduce the glittering trappings of thy wife,
"To humble weeds, fit for thy narrow state."

Dec. 1. *The Honey Moon* and *No Song no Supper*. This elegant and popular comedy attracted a numerous and fashionable audience, who were highly gratified with its representation. Mr. Usher in *Duke Aranza* made very near approaches to excellence. Though "appearances are against him," we

are confident he possesses talents, which, when he has had time and opportunity to mature them, will render him a fair candidate for dramatick honours.

Mrs. Dykes is entitled to much credit for her performance of *Zamora*. Her appearance in the habit of a boy was modest and diffident, her conception of the whole character clear, and her execution pleasing. Mrs. D. gives promise of becoming a chaste and pleasing actress in the sentimental line.

The principal characters had their last year's representatives, who gained their usual portion of applause.

The silly entertainment of *No Song no Supper* has been so often and so badly done, that its very name creates dislike.

Dec. 3. *The Jew* and *High Life below Stairs*. We have long esteemed Mr. Bernard's Jew as one of his best performances; it is the most complete counterfeit in voice and action we ever witnessed. No look, no word, no step escaped, to let the spectator know that he who had so often tickled his lungs in *Nipperkin* and *Diddler* was concealed under the long coat and beard of *Sheva*. In many scenes he was eminently pathetick. He who could not be pleased with it, may boast of Stoicism, but can never "bring his heart into repute" for sensibility.

Mr. Fox in Charles Ratcliffe, though not perfect, was not destitute of merit.

Frederick, by Mr. Downie, had very slender claims to approbation.

Mr. Dickenson's *Jabal* was laughable enough; and now and then excited a smile at the expense of his fellow-servant *Dorcas*.

The only female part which merits notice was *Eliza Ratcliffe*, by Mrs. Powell, which was truly excellent.

Dec. 5. *The School of Reform* and *The Romp*.—This comedy is the latest production of Mr. Mor-

ton, well known as the author of *Speed the Plough, Cure for the Heart Ache, &c.* Our opinion of it corresponds so nearly to that of Mr. Holcroft, as well as other reviewers, that we cannot do better than to transcribe his own language.

"The piece Mr. Morton has last produced, like most of those which he formerly wrote, is a strong mixture of the serious and pleasant, or might, perhaps, more emphatically be called a tragi-comedy. Voltaire, in his Preface to 'The Prodigal Son' *L'Enfant Prodigue*, has given an opinion more liberal than is customary with French criticks, and which perhaps he would not have given had it not been applicable to his piece, which opinion ought to be generally adopted. Speaking of dramatick pieces, he says, "Were I required to pronounce which species is the best, I should answer, that which is the best executed." Were this rule made the test of merit by criticks, we should hear less of the unities, and more concerning the excellence or or the failure of effect, and its causes.

"There is indeed a unity which, when it is observed, never fails of receiving its due reward; and this may be either called the unity of action, or more properly perhaps, the unity of story, or fable. When every scene and incident, throughout a dramatick piece, contribute to produce one effect, it must be very strange if that effect should be feeble, Should an audience be made to laugh and cry, at various passages of the same piece, this, instead of being a defect cannot but justly be considered as effecting the best purposes of dramatick poetry, whose double province is the imagination and the passions of man.

"These effects however should be produced by natural and probable, and not by forced, incongruous and impossible events. When writing *The School of Reform* these simple means were not suf-

ficiently present to the mind of the author; at least, he has failed in imagining and giving them a due arrangement. He has most judiciously been intent on producing the planned and double reform of his two heroes, but he has not scrupled, to employ very romantick suppositions for that purpose. The crowded and multifarious events which make up the plot, are nearly impossible, and yet the play, on the whole, produces continual and strong effects on the passions. There are two species of probability; the probability of events, and the probability of the passions and emotions of the human mind. To the first of these probabilities Mr. M. has been very defective, but to the last he has been delightfully true and therefore deservedly triumphant.

"Mr. Morton has declared himself the enemy of the German plays; yet he is eminently, and almost devotedly, a student in the German school. That there is a mixture of virtue and vice in all men is true; but virtue and vice ought not to be confounded. When servants, bailiffs, jailors, and all classes of people, are described as sentimental and generous, those precious qualities become too common; and the danger of being false to nature is imminent. When such people are really so, they should be given as exceptions, and be drawn with force and at full length."

Among other inexplicable events, we cannot see how there came to be folding doors before an altar, nor how a lady procured admittance to place herself in an attitude behind them.

In speaking of the performance of this play, it will be impossible to recollect the excellent acting of Mr. Bernard without bestowing on it the highest approbation. The character of *Tyke* was so justly conceived and so finely executed, that it can hardly be too much admired. Mr. Caulfield had a heavy, *up-hill* part in *Lord Avondale*, but acquitted himself

respectably. Perhaps the author might here be accused of immorality. He has made Avondale a villain, hateful to himself, but by no means to the audience. To them he is the second hero of the piece, and is much too fair a character to excite in the mind that detestation of vice, which strict morality enjoins.

Mr. Dickenson in the old *General* was "perfect to a letter."

Mr. Usher was tolerably successful in *Frederick*. It is not one of those characters in which he is seen to most advantage.

Mr. Fox exhibited *Ferment* in a terrible state of fermentation. A little less dancing and a little more moderation in speaking, would have added a little to the dignity even of *Ferment*.

Mrs. Powell appeared very well in *Mrs. Ferment*. It is the principal female character in the piece and Mrs. P. made it lively, interesting and amusing.

Mrs. Usher did what little she had to do with propriety.

Mrs. Downie ought to have credit for so often and so elegantly introducing into the part of the housekeeper, "a fiddlestick's end," which the author unluckily forgot.

We have reserved the character of *Mrs. St. Clair* for the last and most conspicuous place in our remarks, that we might do ample justice to the superlative merit of Mrs. Shaw. So much ease and dignity of action, such exquisite pathos in execution, such admirable knowledge of the author, added to elegant orthoepy, we venture to assert have never before been seen united in one person. Of this latter accomplishment, gentle reader, take a specimen.

"Ah! do I again behold the place which gave me birth; where I fondly *gambl'd* round my parent's knees! Alas, how changed! For the lowly cottage, I see the gaudy *pallus!* 'Stead of the mod-

est woodbine, tangling its *eglaments* [*ligaments*] on the humble thatch,—behold the proud exotick—just *emblum* of its imperious master."

Dec. 8. *School of Reform* and *The Quaker.*

Dec. 10. *School of Reform* and *All the World's a Stage.*

Dec. 12. *School of Reform* and *The Jew and Doctor.*

Dec. 15. *School of Reform* and *Harlequin's Frolicks.*

Dec. 17. *Provok'd Husband, Dr. Last's Examination,* and *Dermot and Kathleen.*

It is one of the greatest pleasures a critick feels to bestow on genius and talent the well-earned meed of approbation. This pleasure we feel, though not without some particles of alloy, when we recollect Mrs. Stanley's personation of *Lady Townly.* "Grace was in every step, in every action dignity"—The effect of her speaking was sometimes injured by that sameness of sound, which we have before condemned. From this censure, however, justice demands that we exempt the last scene of the play, in which she far exceeded any *Lady Townly* we have before seen.

Mr. Dickenson made a pretty good *Sir Francis,* though he once or twice forgot his Yorkshire dialect.

We were pleased with Mr. Bernard's *John Moody.* He certainly has a very modest way of telling an immodest story.

Mr. Morgan seldom appears in any character of more importance than a letter carrier, and even then he only irritates the nerves of the spectator. But for once we must acknowledge, (and he is welcome to the compliment) that he appeared more respectable as an actor than some who had characters of more consequence.

The gentlemen who personated *Lord Townly* and *Mr. Manly*, seemed, "to dumb forgetfulness a prey," and the best retaliation we can make them is *to remember to forget* the pain they gave us by their dull performances.

Lady Wronghead belongs to that class of characters in which we have ever professed ourselves the *real* admirers of Mrs. Shaw.

Miss Jenny by Mrs. Poe was well. The hoyden is Mrs. Poe's forte.

Dec. 19. *Every One has his Fault* and *The Sultan*—*Irwin*, Mr. Caulfield; *Sir Robert Ramble*, Bernard; *Solus*, Dickenson; *Harmony*, Fox. *Lady Eleanor*, Mrs. Powell; *Mrs. Placid*. Mrs. Shaw.

The performances of this evening were for the benefit of the orphans of the late Mr. and Mrs. Jones. The receipts of the house amounted to 765 dollars.

A crowded and brilliant audience testified by reiterated plaudits their approbation of Mrs. Powell's Lady *Eleanor*, and Mrs. Stanley's *Roxalana*.

Dec. 22. *School of Reform*, *The Ghost*, and *Dermot and Kathleen*.

No essential difference has been observable in the repeated representations of this play. We review it with the same feelings of pleasure, indifference and disgust, as on the first evening. We are still delighted with the incomparable acting of Mr. Bernard in *Tyke*, still gratified with the enchanting spirit and good humour of Mrs. Powell in *Mrs. Ferment*. And Mrs. Shaw still continues to torture feeling with the artificial heavings of her breast, and grate the ear with her *gambles*, her *eglaments* and her *emblums*.

Dec. 23. *As you like it* and *The Four Seasons*.

The Jaques of Mr. Caulfield is sufficient alone to pronounce him an actor of superiour powers. We have seen this melancholy hero played by Messrs.

Barrett, Chalmers, and Cooper, in succession; but, without derogating from the general merit of those gentlemen, we must say their performance will not stand the test of a comparison with Mr. C. In his description of the wounded stag, and also of his meeting with the fool, he put in large claims for critical applause. His "seven ages" was given in a masterly style, marked with strong emphasis, feeling and discrimination. His

Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing,

was irresistibly affecting. We could not but regret that he should think proper to deprive us of the pleasure of a single line of his part, when it was in his power to have given it complete. In the following passage the lines marked by Italicks were omitted.

And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, "It is ten o'clock:
"*Thus we may see*," *quoth he*, "*how the world wags:*
" 'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;
" And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
" *And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,*
" *And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,*
" And thereby hangs a tale."

Mr. Bernard in *Touchstone* pelted us with the broad wit of Shakespeare, if not to the "breaking of shins," yet almost to the bursting of our ribs.

Orlando, by Mr. Fox, was good; compared with some of his acting, it was "very excellent good."

Mr. Dickenson, in *Adam*, gave a faithful portrait of a feeble good old man.

Mrs. Stanley's *Rosalind* justified the high opinion entertained of her comick powers. She pronounc-

ed the epilogue with much spirit, which operated like electricity on the audience, and received on the dropping of the curtain, six rounds of universal approbation.

The other parts, though not here particularized, were done with propriety, and merit approbation.

Dec. 26. *The Finger Post* and *Lodoiska.*

The new comedy of *The Finger Post or Five Miles off*, was performed for the first time, and notwithstanding the unpleasant weather to a respectable audience. Mr. Bernard's *Calendar* was the foremost figure in the picture, and produced an universal laughter. Mr. Dickenson's *Flourish* was the next figure and made a most ludicrous appearance. Mr. Powell discovered some comick traits in *Spriggins*, as did also Mrs. Usher in *Jenny*. Mrs. Shaw in the old maid left us nothing to regret, except that she ever appears out of that line.

The following song by Mr. Dickenson was loudly applauded.

Yea, I fell in the pit of love,
With a ti tum ti,
The spirit then began to move,
With a ti tum ti;
Quoth I, "Fair maiden, ne'er deride,
For verily, when thou'rt my bride
Lo I will cleave unto thy side,
With a ti tum ti."

"Behold," faid Ruth, "there is a grove,
With a ti tum ti,
Where birds, called turtles, coo and love,
With a ti tum ti."
Lo! then I thought her truly mine,
But when of love she gave this sign,
She proved a cruel Phi-lis-tine,
With a ti tum ti.

For she another suitor had,
With a ti tum ti,
Prophanely called a flashing lad,
With a ti tum ti;
And when I reached the grove assigned,
He came before I Ruth could find,
And kick'd me ruth-less-ly behind,
With a toe tum ti.

NEW-YORK.

Nov. 28. *Venice Preserved* and *High Life Below Stairs*. The curiosity of the town had been so successfully excited, to witness the *debut* of the gentleman announced for *Pierre*, that the house was filled and crowded before the curtain rose. When he appeared, he was greeted with the warmest and most encouraging reception, from every quarter.

In person, he is of a commanding height (as tall, we should judge as Fennell), and well proportioned in his body and limbs. Nor were we without a degree of surprise, at the ease with which he assumed the step and air of a buskined hero. His face is inclining to round rather than oval; his forehead high and well proportioned, with well-placed, very dark thick and flexible eye-brows. His eye is black and expressive; his nose rather diminutive, for a distant view; the only feature in the face to which exception can be taken. The mouth well-proportioned, with well-made, fleshy lips, and a fine set of teeth. Were his cheeks a little more lank, his appearance would certainly be more tragick, if not more comely: but this is a fault (if it be a fault) may soon be cured. Nothing is wanting, but a continuation of that intense and unwearied application to his profession, which alone can ensure him the enviable eminence, to which his ambition, doubtless, aspires, and to which, we are credibly informed, he has already devoted himself. Indeed, when we consider

that this gentleman is from an interiour country-town in Massachusetts, and that already (after only a few weeks training, under Mr. Cooper) his pronunciation is nearly cleared of those provincialisms, which are so immediately apparent, and so offensive, to an inhabitant of the metropolis, we may presume, that he has been no idler. The name of the young candidate is Morse; he seems to be about two or three and twenty years of age. He was educated at Cambridge, and has since been introduced at the bar in his native state; but, though, it is said, he never witnessed ten theatrical exhibitions in his life, an enthusiasm seems to have seized upon him to try his fortune on the stage, and he very judiciously placed himself under the instruction and patronage of one the most capable of initiating him into the science of his profession, and forwarding his views.

If his personal appearance, his movements and attitudes in *Pierre* created immediately an impression in his favour, the mellow tones and strength of his sonorous voice were equally calculated to enforce and fix it. He supported the long and arduous task of *Pierre* in a manner not merely creditable, but so as to unite the whole audience in the opinion, that never was so much applause so justly bestowed on a first appearance. When we consider that he sustained himself in a manner to acquire a great share of approbation, standing beside the *Jaffier* of Cooper, it must be thought an extraordinary performance, and justifies us in forming the highest hopes of his future eminence. Mr. Cooper's *Jaffier* was in his best style of acting. The novelty of his costume excited some surprize, nor was it without difficulty that we became reconciled to it. Hitherto it had been played in black in America, and, until Kemble introduced the change, in England also. The circumstances of *Jaffier*, however at the beginning of the play, a spendthrift with his gaudy hangings, his *hall filled with lazy vermin*, his wife bedecked in

glittering trappings, &c. may well justify the actor in dressing *Jaffier* sumptuously; and so far the costume may be defended by a critick; but, we submit to Mr. C's good sense and just taste, whether if he could contrive to change his dress for sable, in the course of the play, the effect in the latter scenes would not be heightened?

Mrs. Darley, in the *Little Trembler*, excited the sympathy of every spectator. In all but the strong and vehement scenes, she was impressive, and in the highest degree interesting.

[*Theatrical Censor.*]

PHILADELPHIA.

THE New Theatre, Philadelphia, opened on the first of December with the *School for Scandal*. It is under the management of Mr. Warren.

Dec. 3. Mrs. Mills from the Theatre Royal, Manchester, made her first appearance on this stage in *Rosina*. She gave no extraordinary interest to the part. Her person is not remarkably fitted for it. Her speaking voice is pleasing, her action much better than singers usually display; and on the whole, she is, if not a splendid, a useful addition to the company.

Dec. 5. Mr. Mills, made his first appearance on the Philadelphia stage in *Robert Tyke*. He bears a strong resemblance, both in features and expression, to his sister, Mrs. Woodham, has a good voice and person, and appears to be familiar with the boards.

[*Ibid.*]

THE COLUMBIAN MUSEUM

Is becoming once more a place of fashionable resort. Messrs. BOWEN and DOYLE, the proprietors, have lately erected an elegant and spacious building for this purpose, and made many large and valua-

ble additions of Natural Curiosities, Paintings, Wax Figures, &c. to their former Collection. Amongst other productions of nature is a large collection of *American Birds*, in a fine state of preservation, containing almost all the various kinds found in North America. Also various foreign Birds, Fish, Insects, &c. The upper end of the Hall, opposite the entrance, is decorated with an elegant painting, by an Italian artist representing the Fountain at Versailles. The gallery of the Hall is enriched with a handsome collection of Prints from SHAKESPEARE, on which the lovers of Poetry and Painting may revel with delight. Those representing the Seven Ages are peculiarly striking and elegant, as are two from the Tragedy of *King Lear*. *Launce instructing his Dog*, and *Falstaff relating his escape*, are irresistibly ludicrous. Amongst the Paintings we noticed with pleasure a well-finished portrait of His Excellency Governour *Strong*.—Some of the Wax Figures are brilliant and reflect credit on the ingenuity of the artist who executed them. We cannot however, speak in very high terms of one said to represent General WASHINGTON, which bears little or no resemblance to that illustrious person, at least in latter part of his life.

The whole collection cannot fail of affording an evening's amusement, and we have no doubt the proprietors will be remunerated for their trouble and expense. We take the liberty of recommending to them to increase their collection of *Portraits*, rather than their *Wax Figures*. We generally look with pleasure at the picture of a man, whose character we contemplate with respect and veneration. Our country affords many such, and Messrs. B. and D. would do well to enrich the Museum with their portraits.

5.72

Wax
ongst
ion of
, con-
Nerth.
sects,
he en-
by an
Ver-
with a
EARE,
may
Seven
e two
truct-
are ir-
we no-
of His
Wax
genui-
how-
repre-
ttle or
ast in

ing an
e pro-
e and
nding
, rath-
with
ter we
Our
nd D.
ir por-

Snyder. Sculp.

Mrs. Stanley